



Pabst Beer is the Clean Beer

CLEAN things to eat and drink are as desirable as pure food. Food may be pure yet unclean. It is the method of handling in the manufacture of a food product that makes it clean or unclean.

Pabst beer is not handled. It is manufactured from the purest materials by the most scrupulously clean machinery. From brew to bottle or keg it is never touched by human hands and never comes in contact with anything but pure, filtered, sterilized air. It never touches tube, pipe or storage tank that has not been perfectly sterilized beforehand.

Millions of dollars have been spent to make possible the manufacture of Pabst Beer in an absolutely clean and wholesome manner.

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Pabst Brewing Co., Marshall and Hancock Streets.
Phone 386.

EUROPE SHOWERS HONORS ON PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER

Great Crowds Gathered at Plymouth to See Landing of "American Princess."

GREAT OVATION AT THEATER

Ambassador Reid and Wife Magnificent Entertainers—Dorchester House a Palace.

(Special Correspondence of The Times-Dispatch.)

LONDON, June 22.—If only I had the descriptive power and graphic style of the little stewardess who fed us gruel for a day, or two after the St. Louis sailed on June 20, I think I might be able to give a really convincing account of the ocean voyage of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, and their entertainment in London town. She certainly missed her calling—that stewardess. She should have been a newspaper woman. I discovered that fact in this way. Not long after we had settled ourselves comfortably under our rugs, my bon companion and I, and had gotten under full swing, we both began to feel that after all we would rather go to our stateroom. Of course, she did not feel a bit ill—it was merely that her eyes ached, and I was not in the least seasick—simply curious. By inexplicably fatigued. Inside we accordingly went, and there we stayed for the next two days, shading our eyes and resting, at limp and prostrate intervals. It was then that I grew anxious. Here I was, supposed to be writing a comprehensive account of the shipboard life of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth and their party, and as yet I did not even know what was being worn—an item, of course, of paramount importance. I looked over at the bon companion. Her eyes seemed, for the moment, to be worse.

Stewardess Did It.

"You couldn't go, just for a minute?" I began feebly. She couldn't, I saw that at a glance. She was far too busy to think of going into newspaper work. In my desperation I rang for the stewardess. I was the most delectable figure I had seen for some time, by the way, with her head on one side and her hands, thumbs inward, poised saucily at either side of her belt buckle, for all the world like a chorus girl in Pinafore. The likeness to the genuine chorus girl was increased when she told us that she had been sailing the high seas for thirty-seven years and was a grandmother in her own right.

"Stewardess, have you ever been a reporter?"

"Have I been a wot?"

"Stewardess," I said solemnly, "I want you to go to the dining-saloon, and come back and tell me what Mrs. Longworth is wearing, who she is with and what she is doing."

"I have never seen anyone start on an errand with so much genuine satisfaction. She fed, her white apron strings floating behind her, and I waited, having affairs of my own to attend to while she was gone. It was the briefest possible time before she came back, burst into the state-room with flaming cheeks, and announced excitedly:

"Creep de sheen, 'an' 'an' four others 'at all laughin' it to bust!"

Voyage Uneventful.

The interest of the stewardess was shared by every one else. I found when I finally got on board, thoroughly chaste and rested. Mrs. Longworth, in a little black and white check tailored skirt, loose fingered blouse and her hair flying to the wind, was in marked contrast to the frumpy, be-velled, rainy-day skirted women tourists who bump into Europe with a suit-case in one hand and



MRS. LONGWORTH AND AMBASSADOR REID AT WATERLOO STATION.

a Baedeker in the other. Even on the coolest nights she promenade the decks bare-headed and with only a flimsy little coat thrown around her. No seasickness for her. "Ah, but she's the good sister," said the little stewardess, admiringly. There was, however, no provocation for seasickness on this voyage, which was one of the smoothest that has been made for years, the officers told us. Here and there on deck people were Hara and there on the father's traditional luck was following Mrs. Longworth, since the weather was extraordinarily fine from the moment we started.

The long seven-days' voyage was astonishingly uneventful. Some one began with a squirt of ambition, to plan some dramatics, but the moonlight nights on the sea were so perfect that no one would go in, even to rehearse, and even the proposal of a concert went down like a puffed balloon. Mr. Longworth and a number of other illustrious gentlemen disappeared a short while after dinner, and if the outlook on the captain's bridge above was accompanied by a watchout for once, other in a game of bridge below—well, that was not the concern of the idlers in the moonlight along the rail.

At table, in one of the large alcoves, decorated with American Beauties in funny chunky glass pitchers, Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, with Mr. and Mrs. Rensselaer, of New York, made a jolly party. None of the ladies dressed for dinner, except to change their heavy deck garb for simple gowns, all high in the neck, doubtless because every one wanted to be out on deck all evening.

Landing at Plymouth.

The first real excitement of the trip came when we reached Plymouth, and

the little tender which came alongside to take passengers to Plymouth was seen to be crowded with people who had come down with the expectation of seeing the "American Princess," as England is still calling her. It was laughable to see them all straining their eyes up at the great steamer, searching for their American guests, while all the time Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, hatless and leaning carelessly over the rail, looked down at them unrecognized. The tribute paid to them everywhere is very pretty, and the hearty spirit of welcome was written over every English face we passed as we came into port at Southampton. The moment the gang-plank was slipped across, a little party of English people came on board, and made their way to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. The Mayor of Southampton, a sandy little man, with a pleasant, pompous manner, made a little speech, full of such very sentimental phrases, such congratulations and such compliments that poor Mr. Longworth wriggled uncomfortably at the bride-and-groom favor of the remarks, and Mrs. Longworth suppressed a twitting at the corners of her mouth. We thought she looked very slim and simple and pretty, in her light checked tawny gown and big black hat, especially among the group of English women, who were arrayed in gowns of the most elaborate colors and flouncings, each plump pink face set off by a white feather boa. Indeed, the whole of London seems to have gone mad on the subject of the white feather boa. They are simply omnipresent, and as universally worn as America this spring. High and low, rich and poor, all womankind sports the white feather boa. The East-End girls display long, stringy, pathetic affairs, with a limp feather every inch or two; the Park Lane aristocrat seems lulled in a fluffy mass of down, but they all do it, every one—and even we are beginning to feel that to be a London without a white feather boa is to be without the pale of bare respectability. All over again one is impressed with the confusion of the English woman's dress. In her cheaper guises she is tawdy and oddly put together, like a patchwork quilt; if she is rich, she is a sumptuous mass of beautiful chaos. This was especially noticeable when the train from Southampton drew in at the Waterloo Station in London. The whole place seemed full of rolls of lace, billows of chiffon, rivers of feather boas, but out of these showed the delicate faces of these plump and white Englishwomen, whom I at least shall spend the rest of my life envying.

The Royal Carriage.

The royal carriage was sent to Southampton to meet Mr. and Mrs. Longworth—that is, the royal railway carriage—differed from the other compartments only in its inner finishing. It was furnished in old gold satin, boasted a little center table, loose chairs and other comforts. A great bouquet of lilies of the valley stood on the little table, and several of the Southampton party escorted us to London, the Mayor and "Mayors," as she is seriously called, and the United States Consul, Mr. Ewald, being among them.

The meeting between the Ambassador and Mrs. Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth was very pretty. Mrs. Reid is very handsome, with her bright gray hair and her graceful carriage, and Miss Reid is extraordinarily pretty—very slender and

with her chin dropped in a dainty English fashion. She is very gracious, and they say she is very wealthy like her. Last night we went to the Alhambra Theatre to see the new ballet, "L'Amour," and also to see the King, the papers having said he was to be there. He disappointed us vastly by not putting in an appearance, but London seems quite contented to see Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. As they entered their box, rather late in the evening, with the Ambassador and Mrs. Reid, the house burst into a howling applause, vocal as well as by hand. The galleries, stalls and boxes rose en masse to greet the President's daughter. She made no acknowledgement of the greeting other than to smile at those who were with her, and to shake a lily furtively into the recesses of the dark box. She wore a clinging black princess gown, with a single string of diamonds.

The first big London event was the dinner to-night at Dorchester House, at which the King was present. We could not be admitted, of course, and no one could attend even the concert following the dinner, unless they had been present at court. We did, however, have the privilege of going through Dorchester House in the afternoon. It is really a palace—the home of one of the King's equerries who has leased it. Yesterday it was packed and massed with rare flowers, the great stairway in front being decorated with rose trees. We saw the dining-table with the King's table being given the place of honor at his right. The table was covered with orchids and some superb state silver—great dishes of rare design here and there. Out over the garden the tents were spread for the supper—brilliant bands of blue, green and white, with rose-colored electrolights. It was a very beautiful sight indeed. The King, of course, did not attend the garden-supper, remaining in the upper floors after the dinner.

To-morrow a great reception at the Ambassador's home, Dorchester House, occurs—probably the biggest affair of the season, and all London society will pay its respects to Mr. and Mrs. Longworth. This, fortunately, I am going to be able to see, and so to shake a lily furtively than it is possible to do with regard to the dinner. Certainly London could not give a warmer welcome to its American guests.

American Vehicles Ahead.

A New Zealand engineer and agent has addressed a letter to the British Empire Motor Trades Alliance, in which he says: "I am a great believer in British goods, but it is often much easier to buy from a foreigner, because he gives you less of particulars and choice. It must always be remembered that it takes a long time to get a reply from England, but only half that time from America. We do what we can for old England here. We charge foreigners an extra 10 per cent. duty on cars complete with 10 per cent. on engines. Even so, I suppose the most largely sold car in the country is a 5-horsepower American vehicle."

Cutting Hardwoods in Panama.

Consul James C. Kellogg, of Colon, writes that the new sawmill on the Triana River near Porto Bello, Panama, is now in full operation sawing the many valuable hardwoods of the district, including lignum vitae, mahogany, cocobolo, ebony, and black palm. The many contracts for the supply of these woods in Colon are being filled. The parties interested in this new enterprise are Messrs. Nanto, Horatio Stevenson, and A. Barriere, of Porto Bello and Colon.

Cannon Made of Paper.

To add to the number of astonishing things made of paper, the great German firm of Krupp now constructs paper field-pieces for the use of German infantry. Their caliber is five centimeters or a little less than two inches, and the pieces are so light that one soldier can easily carry a single piece. But the resistance is greater than that of a fieldpiece of steel of the same caliber. The paper guns will replace those of steel. They are intended for use in situations where the movements of field artillery would be impracticable.

Paper artillery on the field of battle seems a most extraordinary thing, but it is hardly more so than paper wheels for freight cars on railroads when they were first introduced—or, for that matter, than paper water-pipes were.

FOR WOMEN Especially Mothers

The Sanative, Antiseptic, Cleansing, Purifying, and Beautifying Properties of

Cuticura SOAP

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, are of priceless value. For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, ulcerations, and inflammations of women, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are of inestimable value.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Ointment, 50c. Resolvent, 25c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Tablets, 50c. per box of 60.) Prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, Boston, Mass. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 60. Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per tin of 60. Cuticura Tablets, 50c. per box of 60. Cuticura Soap, 25c. per box of 60. Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per tin of 60. Cuticura Tablets, 50c. per box of 60.

This Store Irresistibly Inviting to Purchasers of Wearing Apparel To-Morrow

This all-powerful trade magnet "Greatest Value-Giving" is of never-failing effect, the continual throngs in evidence at this store proving this fact most conclusively. Day after day finds busy crowds of practical purchasers, who assert in plainest terms their reasons for coming—the most knowing and experienced declaring that there is no place where economy may be practiced so completely and advantageously. Not alone that apparel on sale embodies greater character and merit in every point of quality, style and fit, but better wearing satisfaction accompanies every purchase down to the least expensive offering.

A Host of Remarkable Inducements in Burk-Made Suits at

\$10 \$12.50 \$15 \$18 \$20

Bargains that Command Attention in the
Boys' Department

For to-morrow we offer our entire stock of Children's clothing at prices which in all instances represent, but a fraction of actual values and former selling price. It is an opportunity which no practical money-saver will want to miss.

Pick and choice of Double-Breasted Suits, Sailor Blouse and Russian Blouse Suits, that were \$2.50 and \$3.00... **\$1.85**

Pick and choice of Suits that were \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, including all shapes and styles... **\$2.65**

Pick and choice of Suits that sold for \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, including fashionable gray worsteds and serges; choice... **\$3.65**

Pick and choice of Suits that sold for \$7.00, \$7.50, \$8.00, comprising the very best that money can buy; choice... **\$4.65**

Boys' Furnishings

Boys' Jean Drawers, knee length, of genuine Peppercorn Jeans; full cut and splendidly made and finished; the 50c kind of the average store, only **23c**

Children's Stylish Sailor Straw Hats; excellent canton brads with fine silk bands; the correct shape and actual 75c value, only **48c**

Boys' Black Cat Stockings, with triple knee, heel and toe, actual 15c value, and the best make of Stocking there is; special **9c**

Boys' Neglige Shirts, of good quality pure white or fancy Madras, in big variety; cuffs to match, and actual 75c values, only **50c**

Boys' Summer Underwear; excellent Balbriggan of best Maco; short, or long sleeve shirts and knickerbocker length Drawers; actual 39c values, only **21c**

Big lot of Boys' Wash Pants, in White Duck, Linen-Color Crash and big variety of neat colored patterns; nicely made; all special to-morrow... **19c**

Boys' Wash Suits

Children's Stylish Wash Suits—Sailor, Eton and Russian Blouse styles—in Solid Blue or Tan Chambray and Crashes; cut full and perfect fitting, 50c and 65c values, to-morrow... **39c**

Children's Fine Quality Wash Suits, excellent designs of finest wash fabrics in white or fancy. A surprising display of this season's choice and daintiest creations. Positive \$2 and \$2.50 values... **\$1.48**

Children's Wash Suits, exclusive novelties in Russian Blouse, Sailor or Eton Suits. A surprising display of the season's daintiest and choicest creations. All most economical priced—48c to... **\$2.50**

50c Mothers' Friend and other makes of Blouses and Shirt-Waists, of excellent Woven Madras, Chambray and Percale, newest spring patterns, standard 50c grades; special, only... **39c**

BURK & CO.

Makers of the Clothes They Sell,
1003 East Main Street.

IN FULL SWING AT SWEET CHALYBEATE

The Opening Ball of the Season—Riding Party.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) SWEET CHALYBEATE, VA., June 23.—The season of nineteenth hundred and six is well on its way here. Guests continue to arrive, making the old place more and more attractive. A number of improvements have been made, this year which add much to the comfort of the guests. Thursday night the first ball was given, and was quite a success. Golf seems to be the principal sport at present, with pool and tennis giving amusement to a few. Thursday morning a party on horseback rode up to Roxalla Springs, a little summer resort about twenty miles from the Sweet Chalybeate, spent the day there and returned that evening. The riders were Mrs. M. B. H. Heflin, Mrs. B. F. Eakle, Mrs. B. H. Catlin, Mrs. Carter Hunter and Mr. Carter Hunter.

Dr. Russell L. Cecil, of Richmond, the resident physician, will reach here Monday next.

The latest arrivals are as follows: Miss Helen McCay Phillips, Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Brown O. Crawford, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. J. W. Spitzer, Staunton, Va.; Mr. A. S. Vaughan, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. S. Vaughan, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Martha Vaughan, Chicago, Ill.; Master Arthur Vaughan, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. J. I. Shanahan, Tuckahoe, W. Va.; Mr. J. J. Shanahan, Alleghany, Va.; Mr. T. Howard Eakle, Blacksburg, Va.; Mr. Thomas J. Hughes, Boneyville, W. Va.; Mr. C. L. Sheppard, Lynchburg, Va.; Mr. Harry Wilson, Staunton, Va.; Dr. G. L. Wyatt, White Sulphur Springs; Mr. A. C. Levesay, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Peril of Fine Clothes.

A peril of fine clothes was illustrated tragically in Central Park yesterday when an aristocratic spaniel was slain by a distinctly ill-bred bulldog for no other reason than that the victim wore chambray boots, a blue silk blanket and a leather collar.

The spaniel was disporting itself on the grass when the bulldog came along. One look was enough. Calmly, dispassionately, the latter fixed his teeth in

Ainslie Carriage Co.

WE ARE NOW LOCATED IN OUR NEW AND SPACIOUS BUILDING,

8-10-12 South 8th Street, NEAR MAIN.

and are showing an extensive line of Vehicles of the newest design and best workmanship.

Showrooms Street Floor

PARK WAGONS, LADIES' PHAETONS, TWO AND FOUR-PASSENGER TRAPS.

LADIES' STANHOPE, MORNING WAGONS, IN FRENCH CANE OR WOOD PANELS, CUT-UNDER RUNABOUTS,

and numerous other up-to-date Vehicles, that range in price from the highest grade manufactured to the fully guaranteed medium-priced Vehicle.

REMEMBER THE NEW LOCATION,

8-10-12 South 8th Street, Near Main

A Time For All Things

And this is the time to buy a new fence for the garden. The chickens will destroy more than its cost in a week. We have all kinds—Poultry Netting, Wood Picketts, Woven Wire, as well as a full line of Lawn Fence. See our New Lawn Swings. The best made.

Baldwin & Brown,

Headquarters for Good Fence, Hardware, Roofing, Lime, Plaster, Etc.

The spaniel's neck, shook it a few times, seemingly more in pity than in anger, and then threw the limp victim against a tree. It was dead.

The only clue as to the owner of the spaniel was the initials, "C. H.," on the blue silk blanket—From The New York American.

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June brides will find a great selection of Suits, Brass Beds, &c.